

WHEN THE FLYING WING CRASHED

When the flying wing crashed
it made a hell of a sound
showering us in molten steel &
flaming flesh.

I was indifferent
unable to hear the screams of pain
blind to the wreckage.

I ran off
and got together with some new people
for a damn swell time.

Only days afterward
when I tried to find home
did I begin to feel something was amiss.

FOO

Swarming above the garden all morning. They seem
curious about the new fence. Irritating but harmless.
A discharge of religious pamphlets.

THE GREAT PINK SEA SNAIL

The great pink sea snail
encircles the globe
unable to settle down
in one place.

A snail of no nation,
he considers himself mainly a European --
at least that's where his sympathies lie,
being unable to accept
an American characteristic
he can live with.

He doesn't say a hell of a lot,
but listens intently
and responds, as when Dr. Dolittle
asked a small favor like
nudging an island off center
to fake an earthquake
and appease the natives
who were planning soup
for lunch.

The insides of his conch
indicate his spiritual condition:
pearly pink, with the sound of the waves
built into its spiral.

Where to find him? Consult that tall old
atlas on Dolittle's desk. He's the speck of
an uncharted wandering island, last seen
South of Bora-Bora.

DEMATERIALIZING

We're moving for the fourth time
in a little over a year
and once again I'm talking about
getting rid of everything I own.

Not that I own that much stuff, I don't,
but I kind of like the idea of having
almost no personal effects. I think
just a small box of books, one or two
brown pipes with chewed stems, a tea kettle,
a half a rack of clothes would be ideal.

I've never been much of a consumer,
and now, with everything so very expensive
and me just as poor as ever, I've become
even less of one, buying, other than consumables,
only an occasional book or shirt.

Best would be not to buy anything, except
bread and beer and peanutbutter and such,
or if you did buy something, like a new shirt,
you'd throw out the old one that had become worn.
That way, you'd never have more than an optimum
of ten shirts, say. Or if you had fifty books
and saw a new one you wanted to buy, you'd
have to decide which of your old ones you
wanted to give away or throw in the garbage.
That way, you'd only have books you really
loved, good books you knew you'd read again.

The point of all this, aside from spiritual
benefits and elimination of household clutter,
would be to simplify the moving process. Then,
whenever your wife said the neighborhood
was going to the dogs, or your landlord raised
the rent, or you hated everything about your
life and just had to get out, you could throw
everything into the backseat of the car and
move across town or across the country in one trip.